

ELLORA'S CAVE *Sophisticate*



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Letting Go

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Edited by Helen Woodall.

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# ***LETTING GO***

**Desiree Holt**

### *Dedication*

To the real Riley Tucker, who ran a great race.

### *Trademarks Acknowledgement*

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction:

Chicago Cubs: Chicago National League Ball Club, Inc.

Lone Star Beer: Pabst Brewing Company

Major League Baseball: Major League Baseball Properties, Inc.

*Playboy*: Playboy International Enterprises, Inc.

Viagra: Pfizer, Inc. Corporation

### *Author Note*

Petey's Sports Bar and The Vistana Hotel live only in the mind of the author.

## **Chapter One**

Kari Loftin settled the Chicago Cubs cap on her sleek brown hair and walked into the sports bar of the hotel as if she came here every day. She didn't go to bars alone unless she was meeting someone on business. It had always seemed so...shady to her. She might not even be here tonight except the Cubs were in first place in all of Major League Baseball and sitting home alone trying to celebrate sucked. Her life needed some shaking up.

At forty-two she was finally tired of living in the past and having no future. Of telling herself she was satisfied with her pitiful excuse for a sex life. Of putting herself in the position where that sex life only left her with groping middle-aged men who popped Viagra like candy.

Today, when nothing allowed her breathing room from the iron control she always fought to keep in place, she realized how empty she had deliberately made her life. There was something to be said for letting go. If she could make herself do it. All the gods and goddesses willing, before her courage ran out, tonight she'd find a man who could help her live out her secret fantasies.

And so, like some obsessed sports fan – well, wasn't that what she was? – she'd dug out her Cubs t-shirt and cap and slapped on the makeup – soft tonight, for a change. She'd almost chickened out when she gave herself one last mirror check. Even her daily exercise couldn't quite make a significant impact on her full breasts, wide hips and what she preferred to call "lush" thighs. She had her mother's figure and there wasn't much she could do about it. She looked at herself and sighed. Oh well. If nothing else happened, at least she was going to enjoy her favorite baseball team in something other than solitude.

She'd taken herself off to the most dignified sports bar she knew of. Petey's, at the Hotel Vistana. Now that she was here, what did she do? Where did she begin? The game was on the four televisions placed strategically around the darkened room. The chatter of conversation was like a low hum throughout the paneled room, something she knew would escalate once the game began.

All the tables were jammed with people joking and cheering and toasting the Cubbies. Even the bar was full, except for one seat, squarely between a man with elegant gray hair and someone much younger wearing, of all things, a ponytail. The man with the gray hair looked like a poster boy for the little blue pills, she thought with just a touch of meanness. She'd had too many of them slobber over her.

But the young stud...that was something else. Could she do it? Take the chance and put herself out there? A shiver of nerves skittered over her spin.

Shocking herself with her boldness, she edged herself up onto the stool and leaned her arms on the bar. Her eyes went immediately to the plasma screen nearly in front of her. Zambrano was pitching for Chicago, it was already the third inning and the Cubs led three to nothing. Good. Time for a drink. That should help her courage.

The bartender slid a napkin in front of her. What can I get for you?"

Kari wrinkled her forehead. This didn't seem to be the time for wine or a cosmopolitan, and straight whiskey knocked her feet out from under her. Well, what the hell. She was watching a baseball game, right?

"A beer. Lone Star. In the bottle if you have it."

"Coming right up."

"A woman after my own heart." The voice was as warm and as smooth as molasses with a drawl that made her knees weak.

"Excuse me?"

The ponytail on the left turned his head and smiled at her and Kari nearly fell off her stool. Hair the color of onyx framed a face so masculine it needed the thick lashes

framing his eyes to soften it. And what eyes. A shocking emerald green, flashing brighter than the matching stud in his earlobe. And that smile. Chiseled lips that might as well have worn a sign saying, "Kiss me and let me stick my tongue down your throat." All this and a body that looked like it came from hard work, not a gym, the muscles in his arms flexing as he lifted his bottle and tipped it at her.

The worst part of it was he couldn't be a day over thirty. Okay, maybe thirty-one. She wanted young but holy shit! This was a terrible mistake. What would he want with someone so much older than he was? A man with his looks could have his pick of any woman in the bar. Any bar.

Her body, however, thought it was just fine. Her nipples hardened to almost painful points, every pulse point began to throb and a sudden rush of cream flooded her panties. She couldn't even remember the last time a man had been able to coax this kind of response from her but here was Ponytail doing it with just a smile.

Oh god. She was in such trouble.

For a moment panic overrode everything else and she nearly leaped off the stool and ran for the door. But then the bartender was there with her beer and Ponytail touched his bottle to hers.

"To the Cubbies," he smiled.

"To the Cubbies." Her voice sounded shaky even to herself. She grabbed her bottle, tipped it back and took a long swallow.

Bad move. Her throat seemed to quit working while the liquid was still sliding through it and she choked hard enough to spew the beer. Her face flamed with heat as she realized most of it had landed on the shirt of Ponytail.

"Omigod." She wiped the back of her mouth with her hand, then grabbed the paper napkin from the bar and began dabbing at his shirt.

Big mistake.

Beneath the soft fabric of the shirt was a wall of muscle as hard as concrete and warm even through the material. She jerked her hand back as if she'd burned it.

"I am so sorry," she stammered. "Please. I'm not usually such an uncoordinated slob."

*But I don't remember the last time I met a man I wanted to fuck like this, either. Especially at my age. My friends and my staff would freeze in shock if they could see me.*

"No problem." His mouth curved in a sexy grin and his warm hand closed over hers. "I've had more than beer spilled on this shirt. You might want to try drinking a little slower, though."

Kari wanted to crawl beneath the barstool in embarrassment. She might have tried except a raucous cheer broke out at that moment and she swiveled her eyes to the television screen.

"What happened?"

"Derek Lee just hit a three-run homer," the bartender told her. "The Cubs are ahead five to nothing."

"Omigod." Without thinking Kari threw her arms around Ponytail, at the same time jostling the gray-haired man on the other side of her.

"Can't you kids control yourselves," he complained, his voice thin and grating.

Kari bit back a smart reply, forcing a smile instead. "Sorry," she said, in the sweetest tone she could muster.

*Someone's not having much fun, are they?*

But in seconds she realized she still had her arms around Ponytail's neck, her hard-nippled breasts pushed against the wall of his chest. Worse yet, he was hugging her back. She dropped her arms quickly and pushed herself away, lost her balance and grabbed for his thigh. More muscle flexed beneath her touch and her pulse speeded up.

*At least get his name, Kari, before you attack him.*



"I am so sorry." She was sure her face would be a permanent shade of red. She hitched herself back onto her stool, being very careful not to knock over her beer.

His laugh was even sexier than his grin. "I'd be lying if I said I didn't enjoy it. But before we become even more intimate, maybe we should introduce ourselves." He held out his hand. "Riley Tucker. Cubs fan."

*Intimate? Oh god.*

She wiped her hand on her slacks before grabbing his. "Hi. Kari. Genuine klutz."

"Oh, I don't think so. Maybe just enthusiastic." He waited, an expectant look on his face. "Well?"

She frowned. "Well what?"

"Well, Kari what?"

"Just...Kari." She grinned. "You know. Like Jewel or Cher."

*No last names. Not for tonight.*

"Okay, Just Kari." He took a pull of his beer. "So I gather from the t-shirt and cap you're a Cubs fan. Otherwise you wouldn't be in the middle of all this insanity, right?"

Kari nodded. "Oh, yes. For a long time. I think I have 'Wait until next year' tattooed on my back."

One dark eyebrow lifted. "Really? I don't suppose I could see it."

Kari felt herself blush again as she realized what she'd said. Not exactly a smooth come-on line. She just couldn't seem to keep her reflexes under control or her foot out of her mouth.

"Well, it's, um, I don't mean it's exactly tattooed."

"Too bad." The sexy grin appeared again. "I'd consider it a pleasure to look at it."

Kari tried to settle herself better in her seat and change the subject. "So. You in San Antonio on business or pleasure?"

"A little bit of both. What about you?"

"Oh, I live here."

"You do. So. Are you meeting someone? Waiting for someone?"

*Which is a better answer? Yes? No?*

"Actually tonight I just wasn't in the mood to watch the game alone. It's not a lot of fun. I want to have someone to cheer with." She felt compelled to explain herself. "I don't usually go to bars alone like this."

One corner of his mouth kicked up and his eyes devoured her face. "I didn't think you did. You don't strike me as a woman like that."

She giggled nervously. "You mean someone clumsy who spills beer on people?"

He leaned close enough to lower his voice. "No. Not at all. I meant a beautiful woman who probably has men following her down the street."

He reached out a hand and touched her cheek, a caress so light she wasn't even sure it happened but it made tiny shivers race along her spine.

A raucous shout went up from the crowd again, Riley shifted away from her and they both looked at the screen.

Riley pointed to the message running across the screen. "Zambrano just struck out three in a row."

"He's incredible this year."

*And so are you,* he wanted to say. The minute she'd wedged herself in and hitched up onto the stool next to him, his cock had hardened almost to the point of pain. All he'd expected tonight was to watch his Cubs in a crowd of like-minded people. Little did he expect that Fate would deliver a delicious package to him in a Cubs t-shirt and cap.

He figured her for about five-four, a lush, generous figure that made his mouth water. Full breasts pushed against the soft fabric of the t-shirt. Even with the bra he knew she was wearing, her nipples were large enough to leave an outline. God, he just

wanted to lean over and take each of them in his mouth, one at a time and suck and nibble them.

Her slacks were well cut for her generous hips and thighs. Mentally he licked his lips. A man could get lost in those thighs, massaging the soft flesh. He could imagine the tempting cunt they were hiding, covered in soft light brown curls just a shade darker than the soft strands peeping out from beneath her cap. Lust swept over him as he thought of plunging his cock into her wet, waiting pussy and fucking himself blind.

*Whoa! Settle down, boy!*

What was he thinking here? He hardly knew this woman. If she knew what was going on in his brain she'd probably dump the rest of her beer all over him.

He could tell she was older than he was. The tiny lines at the corners of her eyes gave her away but her skin was clear and soft-looking and her hazel eyes bright. He sensed a hesitation in her and he was sure she didn't usually walk into bars by herself. Not the way she had tonight.

And he was sure her age made her self-conscious. He wished he could tell her that it was a major attraction for him. He'd had to grow up fast for a lot of reasons, become tough and that toughness had led to his success in the business world and a maturity far beyond his years. She was exactly the kind of woman who turned him on.

He wondered how he could entice her up to his suite. And, once he got her there, if he could make love to her the way he wanted to or if she'd be so skittish she'd run.

Kari felt someone crowding her and looked up to see a stranger rudely insinuating himself between her and Riley. "You don't mind, right?" he asked. "I need another pitcher of beer. Yo! Bartender." He waved an empty pitcher, nearly knocking Kari off her chair.

Kari sucked in her stomach and leaned as far away as she could while a full pitcher exchanged hands.

"Thanks, sweet cheeks." The stranger placed a wet, smacking kiss on her cheek. "Go Cubs, right?"

Kari scrubbed at her cheek as the man moved away.

Riley leaned closer to her. "Please don't take this the wrong way but it's getting a little out of hand in here. I've got a big empty suite upstairs with a huge plasma television. And a mini-fridge stocked with Lone Star. I don't suppose I could entice you out of this madhouse, could I?"

"But you hardly know me," she protested.

"I'm planning to remedy that in a hurry."

"So it's a go? Upstairs?"

Go upstairs with Riley Tucker? The man in the ponytail? The man who made her cunt drip and her nipples ache? She licked her lips nervously as what she wanted suddenly slammed into an inescapable truth. What if they got up there, he got a look at her under bright lights and was turned off by her age? Her body?

*Big mistake, her sensible mind shouted. Leave while you still can.*

*Go for it, her sexually starved self screamed, wondering what he'd think if he knew why she was really here.*

Well, what the hell. She took chances in business, didn't she? And she'd come here with a purpose.

"Okay," she finally got out. "Just let me take care of my tab."

"I've got it covered." He waved at the bartender and slid a twenty across the bar, then helped Kari off her stool.

*I must be crazy. I must be crazy. I must be crazy.*

She couldn't stop the thought from echoing in her head.

They pushed their way through the screaming crowd to the lobby and Riley kept his hand on her elbow as they headed toward the elevators. She was sure he could feel her trembling because he leaned down and put his mouth close to her ear.

“Don’t worry, Kari. Nothing’s going to happen unless you want it to.”

And that was exactly what she was worried about.

## Chapter Two

When Riley said “suite”, he really meant it, Kari thought, as he opened the door and ushered her in. They were on the top floor of the hotel, which was her first clue that Riley was shelling out some big bucks for his stay. The so-called sitting room was bigger than half of her condo. Beyond open carved double doors she saw a bedroom big enough to hold the mob in the bar and a bed large enough for an orgy.

*An orgy? God, Kari, you are really letting it all hang out.*

Riley flipped a switch and two lamps with soft lights blinked on. The remote for the television sat on a glass table and he pressed buttons to turn on the giant television and tune to the channel broadcasting the game.

“How about a fresh Lone Star?” he asked. “I don’t think you even got to finish the one you ordered.”

“That sounds good,” she told him.

She stood in the middle of the room, rubbing her hands against her thighs and wondering where she should sit. On the couch? Too inviting? In one of the big chairs? Too standoffish? While she was having an internal argument with herself, Riley uncapped two bottles of beer and brought them over to where she stood.

His grin wrapped around her like a warm blanket.

“I can almost see your brain in a wrestling match with itself. You’re making it too complicated, darlin’. Relax.” He set the bottles on a small table and reached for her, pulling her close to him. “But first I’m going to do something I wanted to do since you sat down next to me at the bar. I can’t wait.”

He settled his hands, big and warm, on her shoulders, the heat from them burning through her t-shirt. While she watched with wide eyes, he bent his head and licked her lips. Just a very, very light sweep of the tip of his tongue but she felt it all the way

through her breasts to her womb. Heat crept over her skin and the beat of her heart tripped over itself.

“Mmm, good.” He licked his own lips, then slid his hands up to cup her face. “I knew you’d taste delicious.”

His mouth came down on hers again, his lips like rough velvet. She was sure he’d be the kind to attack voraciously but instead he seduced her mouth. He nibbled at each lip, his teeth teasing around the shape of her mouth, his tongue touching each tiny bite. He rubbed his lips against hers, then drew in her bottom lip and sucked on it gently.

Her bones felt like wax and more liquid soaked her panties. She felt as if she was suspended in space, attached only to his wonderful mouth.

When his tongue pressed against the seam of her closed mouth she opened with a sigh and thought how good he tasted. It swept inside, pleasantly shocking her as it stirred the nerves on every inner surface. Not an inch was left untouched—the roof of her mouth, the insides of her teeth and her cheeks, the surface of her own tongue. Tentatively she stretched it out to touch his and in seconds they were tangled together.

He kissed even better than he looked. She couldn’t breathe. Every bit of air was trapped in her throat. She lifted her hands and wrapped her fingers around his wrists, not to pull him away but to hold him in place. Her brain felt fuzzy, her body weightless and she wanted this kiss to go on forever.

Then a switch snapped on in her head and she tore her mouth away from his. Inbred insecurity reared its head and skittered along her spine.

“Wait,” she gasped. “Wait, wait, wait.”

He lifted his head and took a step back. “For what? What’s wrong, Kari?”

“I have to tell you something. Please.”

He frowned at her. “Like what? You’re married?” He lifted her left hand, the ring finger glaringly bare. “No ring, unless you’re one of those liberated women who doesn’t think they’re necessary.”

"No, no." She yanked her hand back. "It's not that."

"So what else could it be? You're really a man who loves cross-dressing? Hell, I think it would be very hard to fake luscious breasts like those." He skimmed the palm of one hand over her. "Yup. Real and made for touching."

She took a step backward, wet her lips and let out a breath. "I'm forty-two."

Riley stared at her, confused. "And?"

*Why is he being so stupid? And why did I come upstairs with a man who was probably at least a decade younger than me?*

"I'm forty-two years old," she practically shouted. *Get it out now and get it over with.*

"And that's a problem how? I'm sorry. I don't get it."

She clenched her fists in frustration. Why wouldn't he understand. "How old are you, Riley? Thirty? Thirty-one?"

He shocked her by bursting out laughing. "Jesus, Kari. For a minute you had me scared there. I thought there was a real problem."

"But—"

He reached out and pulled her close to him again, tilting her chin up with one finger so he could look directly into her eyes. "I'm thirty-one, completely free of disease, comfortable financially and worried that you might think me too young for you. And ditch me."

"W-what?"

"Darlin', the minute you hitched that cute ass up on the chair, my cock got so hard I thought I might injure myself. Then I discovered that in addition to a body made for fucking you actually had a brain and my day was made. After that my only problem was how to lure you up to my room so I could ravish you."

"Ravish me?" She couldn't seem to get her mind around the whole concept.

He stroked her cheeks with his thumbs and said in that voice that melted her bones, "But only if you want me to."



*Only if you want me to? Oh, Riley, you have no idea how much I want you to. I came here tonight to do this, never dreaming I'd find a tasty morsel like you.*

He'd said it lightly but there was a heavy undertone of meaning beneath the words and his body was rigid with control. She knew about control but it was a different kind. She hid behind it every day of her life, locked behind an iron shield for so long she wasn't even sure she knew how to let go.

She was amazed that he actually wanted to fuck her, a man who could probably have any woman in the world.

*Only if you want me to.*

*Yes, I want you to but I'm afraid. What if I turn you off?*

The owner of Loftin Realty was supposed to have her shit together, not be trembling like a shy virgin.

As if he could hear her thoughts, he said, "How about it, Kari? Can you trust me for one night? Believe what I say? I promise I'm going to make you feel very, very good."

She could feel his power rippling beneath the surface, surrounding her. Could she just do this? Give him control? Not worry about anything? While her brain was still whirling, his mouth came down on hers, his tongue sliding between her lips and tasting her, licking the inside of her cheeks. One large hand slid from her shoulder and glided over her breast, circling it gently with his palm. The other slid beneath her t-shirt and pressed against her warm skin.

He tasted like every bit of sin she'd ever imagined, his tongue rapacious as it skimmed every surface of her mouth. The heat of his hands burned its way through her body. By now not only were her panties drenched but she was sure her slacks were too. He slid his hands down her back and pressed her against his crotch, the thick bulge of his penis hard against her pubic mound. Shamelessly she rubbed herself against him.

Riley lifted his head and dragged air into his lungs, a startled look in his eyes.

"Jesus, Kari. I must have some fantastic karma for the gods to drop you into my lap tonight. Lordy, darlin', I may never let you out of here."

She stood on tiptoe and brushed her lips against his chin. The words popped out of her mouth before she had a chance to think. "And maybe I'll want that."

Then she looked up into eyes filled with such carnal lust her knees nearly buckled.

"We have too many clothes on," he rasped, gripping her t-shirt and pulling it over her head, chuckling as the ball cap came off with it and her lustrous brown hair tumbled in riotous waves to her shoulders.

His fingers sifted through it, bringing strands to his nose to inhale the flowery scent of her shampoo.

"My god," he groaned. "I could come just from inhaling the scent of you."

Deftly he undid the clasp on her bra, tossing the lacy garment aside with her shirt and letting her breasts swing free. Streaks of sensation ran from her hardened nipples through the heavy globes. She didn't know what to do except hang on to his upper arms to keep from falling.

His mouth followed a line across her cheek to a spot behind her ear that she'd never known could be so sensitive, especially when he licked it with the tip of his tongue. That same tongue drew a path along the column of her neck until he reached the point where it joined her shoulder. He nipped at it lightly then soothed it with his tongue. His hands palmed her breasts, gently squeezing them, thumbs rasping against the tightly beaded nipples.

Kari was shaking with anticipation.

"I have to taste," he murmured and bent his head.

When his mouth closed over one nipple, Kari thought she would faint from the pleasure. Her pussy fluttered and a hot flush raced over her body. For a very brief moment she wanted to apologize for her breasts, for the fact that they weren't pert or nicely shaped but Riley didn't seem to notice those things. He was too busy drawing her swollen nipples into his mouth, grazing them lightly with his teeth then circling them with the tip of his tongue.

A streak of boldness raced through her now. This was what she'd come here for tonight and the gates of every possibility were open to her. She tugged on his t-shirt, pulling it loose from his jeans. She smoothed her hands over the hard wall of his chest, feeling the softness of the curls covering the skin, her fingers just grazing his flat nipples. Riley sucked in his breath and moved his body back and forth across her breasts. The sensation was incredible, the little hairs tickling her like a thousand tiny flames.

"Kari?" His voice was like a drug, slurring her senses.

"Mmm?"

"I'm going to take off your slacks. I have to see the rest of your body. Touch it. Taste it.

"Riley, I—"

"Shhh." He touched a finger to her lips. "I told you it would be all right. "

She heard the snick of her snap opening and the hum of the zipper riding down. Then, as if he couldn't wait a moment longer, he lifted her and carried her into the bedroom, stripped back the cover and placed her gently on the acres of bed. He knelt before her, disposing of her sandals and sliding her jeans and panties down her legs and over her feet. His hands were like heated iron as they grasped her thighs and slowly moved them apart.

He was silent for so long she wondered suddenly if he was disappointed in what he saw. Oh god. She knew she shouldn't be doing this. She was sure he was digging for some kind of compliment to ease the awkwardness while trying to figure out how to get out of this situation. The last thing she expected was for him to lean forward and place an open-mouthed kiss on her cunt. The touch was so intimate, so warm, her entire body jerked in reaction and she knew her cream was flooding his lips.

"Oh!" was all she could manage.

When he lifted his head and stood up, she felt an unbearable loss of touch. She looked up at him and saw his eyes taking in every inch of her naked body. She wanted

to yank the bedspread up and cover herself. Desperation warred with the growing sensuous need.

Riley's eyebrows drew together. "What is it, darlin'? Surely you know you have the most luscious body I've ever seen. A body made for fucking, for sucking, for tasting and eating. God, I don't know where to start first."

As he talked, he removed his hands from her thighs and busied himself with his jeans, unfastening everything. When he shoved them down his legs, taking his boxers with him, his swollen cock sprang free from a nest of curls matching those on his chest. Thick and wide, the swollen head was crowned with a pearly drop of fluid. Even caught as she was in an agony of self-consciousness Kari felt herself salivating. She only hoped she wouldn't drool. Her pussy clenched at the thought of that huge thickness filling it.

She bit her lip to make herself focus. How had she ever thought she could do this? "Listen, Riley. You don't have to do this. It's okay. I know what I look like so you don't have to pretend."

His hands stilled as they were yanking his boots off. "What the hell are you talking about?"

*I'm going to embarrass myself.*

For a moment that reality switch flipped on again and she panicked, knowing what he could see now her body was revealed—the unhappy results of her efforts to make herself trim and slim. This was as good as it was ever going to get. She was torn between wanting more of his touch and grabbing her shirt and racing for the door.

How could she ever tell him about all the years she'd struggled to lose weight? How some of it never went away. How the slim, toned bodies that worked for her and bought from her made her feel inadequate and insecure. How she'd shut herself away from sexual encounters rather than risk the denigrating, disappointed looks and comments.

"A man like you, so sexy and good looking, could have his pick of any woman in the bar downstairs. I'm past forty and my body will never grace the cover of *Playboy*. Thin isn't even in my vocabulary." *Oh god, why did I do this?* "It's all right. I know what I look like."

Anger flashed in his eyes. "Are you questioning my taste? What's really going on here, Kari? You have a gorgeous body, lush and delicious-looking, with curves in all the right places. I can hardly wait to bury myself in you. If you've changed your mind and you want to leave, just say so but don't presume to get inside my head and tell me what I do or do not think."

He waited the space of a heartbeat, his flashing eyes almost daring her to walk away. Her panic eased and the heat from his eyes washed over her. She just lay there, fully exposed to him and he let his mouth turn up in that tempting smile. He unfastened the turquoise ring that held his hair back and shook it free. It fell around his face and onto his shoulders like a fall of black silk just begging for her fingers to tangle in it. He loomed over her with that sexy as sin smile, his eyes focusing on her cunt. Very slowly he ran the tip of one finger from her clit to her anus, gathering her cream as he went. And any other thoughts she might have had disappeared like smoke.

He stroked the inside flesh of her labia, up one side and down the other, not rushing, taking his time to touch every inch. He rimmed the opening of her vagina in soft little circles that made her want to beg for more, then moved his finger up and down again. She gasped, her heart stopping for a moment, when he placed his mouth on her again. His lips pulled on her clit, the tip of his tongue flicking back and forth while his fingers still played a sensuous tune all around her vaginal opening.

When he hummed in satisfaction, the vibrations echoed through her cunt and into her womb and Kari felt herself melting like chocolate. His tongue teased and taunted her, licking in smooth strokes, then using the tip to leave little sparks of flame wherever it touched. His shoulders pressed against her thighs, pushing them farther apart to give him greater access, while his fingers held her cunt wide open for his onslaught.

Kari heard soft moans drifting on the air and realized with a shock they were coming from her.

Riley thought for sure he'd died and gone to heaven. He'd never tasted pussy cream as sweet as hers and lapped at it as if he'd never get enough. He stared at her wide-open sex, relishing the sight of the darkened pink flesh and the swollen clit peeping out from its protective hood. He didn't know whether to tongue fuck her first or suck on her clit until he made her come. She was so wet he couldn't drink her in fast enough. He couldn't wait to sink his cock into her, to feel the walls of her cunt clasp his shaft.

He moved his hands to slide them under her ass and lift her higher to his mouth. As he did so his fingers slipped into the crevice of her buttocks. The tip of one finger brushed against the tight ring of her anus and she jerked, then let out a groan of pleasure. Could he flip her to her hands and knees and plunge into that hot, dark, rear tunnel? Would she let him take her there?

He'd have to find a way. For that and a lot more. It shocked him that in the very short time since she'd walked into Petey's he was already addicted to this woman. He couldn't even explain why, except that he wanted nothing more than to lock the two of them in his suite for days on end and fuck her every way possible.

Instinctively he knew he'd have to go slowly. For all that she waved her age like a red flag, he sensed that Kari was a sexual novice. Taking her the way he wanted to, being the one in control, calling the shots, doing the things that turned him on might send her running for cover. Or at least from his hotel room. And that he couldn't let happen.

When she moved within his grasp, her hips thrusting up at him, he felt the tremors racing through her body. She was aroused, wanting and he was going to do whatever it took to please her. He stiffened his tongue and plunged it into her waiting vagina, scraping her inner walls with it. He fucked her with it in a steady rhythm, his hands

firmly gripping her ass, two fingertips still pressed against her anus. In a moment he felt the flutters in her pussy walls intensify and knew her climax was near.

She fought it, the power of it frightening her but he soothed her with his hands even as he drove her higher with his mouth. Only a little more and she'd be there, coming apart in his hands.

Kari had never been so aroused in her life. Here she was, spread open like a newly blossomed flower with a man she barely knew, his tongue thrusting in and out of her cunt and not only didn't she have any misgivings, for once she wasn't thinking about what her body looked like or what he'd think of it. She was focused only on the large, warm hands holding her up to this wickedly attractive man like a feast at a banquet and the clever tongue fucking her with incredible skill.

When she felt fingertips pressing against the entrance to her rectum she almost pulled away but the thrill of something dark and forbidden coiled inside her and pleasure spiked through her. She'd never been taken there, never felt even the intrusion of a finger much less a cock but the sudden idea of it aroused her so she began thrusting her hips against Riley's mouth.

Then she stopped thinking at all. Her orgasm overtook her, shaking her like a leaf in the wind, every muscle in her body clenching and unclenching. She poured into his mouth like water from a vessel, the walls of her pussy clenching against the rough surface of his tongue. Her blood heated and raced through her veins and fireworks exploded within her body.

With great skill and care he brought her down from the incredible high, lapping slowly until the quivers subsided and the last spasm died down. Then he lowered her to the bed, moved over her and kissed his way up to her mouth. She tasted herself on his lips, an erotic flavor that unexpectedly thrilled her.

Her heart was thumping against Riley's chest and her breathing was still choppy and uneven. But he soothed her with slow kisses and warm strokes of his hand on her skin.

And finally she relaxed, wrung out yet curiously wanting more. What had she gotten herself into?

Riley rolled to the side, one arm curved around Kari, the other hand idly caressing her breasts. A long time had passed since he'd been with a woman who let herself respond as freely as Kari did. What would she think if he actually gave free rein to all his sexual urges? Would she fully enjoy the things he could do to and with her? Not just put on a performance because she thought it was what he wanted?

No. Just judging from the way she responded to him, he didn't think Kari would fake anything. He had a feeling she was a novice in so many areas but beneath that was a sense of sexual adventure he wanted to explore.

He'd have to go slowly but he had already made up his mind. He had no intention of letting her leave. Not until they'd explored every carnal delight possible. God, his balls ached for relief but her sweet pussy had been so tempting to his mouth he couldn't prevent himself from delving into it with his tongue.

He loved the weight of her breast in his hand, the distension of her swollen nipple. He rolled it easily between thumb and forefinger, pinching lightly to arouse it even more.

How interesting that she was so panicked about her age. Riley might be thirty-one in chronological years but he was a lot older in knowledge and experience. He'd had to grow up fast, clawing and scratching his way to where he was now. Along the way he'd discovered he was older than his chronological years. And he was rapidly losing interest in women his age, women who needed seasoning.

Kari was like a rich treasure, glowing in his arms. Somehow, before this evening was over, he'd find a way to get her past this age thing.



She shifted in his arms, the rounded cheeks of her rear rubbing his thick erection and he immediately had visions of his cock plunging into that hot ass. His hand slipped over her hip and into the cleft of her buttocks, rubbing against her puckered hole. She'd liked it when he did it before and now a little sigh of pleasure whispered from her lips.

Jesus. He needed to fuck her. Now. And then, see how far he could take her. How far she'd be willing to go. Because he wanted Kari every possible way he could get her.

## Chapter Three

There! She felt his fingers again pressing against her rear entrance, just like when his mouth was sucking on her cunt and he was driving her to pleasure. She'd fantasized about being fucked there, read about it in the erotic romances she hoarded, but the older she got the more timid she felt about it.

*No! Not tonight!*

Tonight was for trying it all.

She wriggled her backside into his groin, feeling that thick penis rubbing against her cleft and wondering if he was thinking the same thing.

His tongue probed her ear, tickling the sensitive shell and his breath was a warm caress.

"If you're wondering if I'm going to fuck that gorgeous ass, the answer is a definite yes. But not yet, Kari. I'm saving that pleasure for dessert. I want the whole meal first."

He lifted her leg and draped it over his thigh, opening her up to him, his hand drifting to her pussy. His fingers teased at the curls covering her mound, then dragged through her slit, gathering the moisture and spreading it all through the cleft of her ass. She tried to urge his fingers upward to her clit, even reached down to move his hand but he wrapped his fingers around her wrist and lifted it over her head, grasping it with his other hand. His fingers moved back to her cunt, tantalizing and exploring.

"My show, darlin'," he breathed in her ear. "Maybe I should tie up your hands to keep them out of trouble."

Tie her up? Oh god. Did he know that was one of her fantasies?

She felt liquid rush from her pussy and a shiver skittered over her from head to toe. Would he think she was bad? Depraved? Desperate?

*Just do it, Riley.*

He chuckled against her cheek. "Well, well. Have we discovered a secret desire? I do believe the thought of it gets the lady damn hot." He waited a moment, his fingers still busy brushing her labia and fondling her slit. "Want to try it, darlin'?"

Holding her breath, she barely nodded her head.

"A woman after my own heart." His voice was heavy with carnal desire—and something more. That sense of barely leashed power, of command that she could tell he was holding back because of her.

*Don't hold back. Make me do it, whatever you want.*

But the words were stuck in her head.

He slapped her hip lightly. "Don't move. Not even an inch. I'll be right back."

She waited, trying to keep her breathing even, wondering if he'd use his belt but when he knelt on the bed next to her, he had a silk tie in his hand.

"I'm glad to know this is good for something besides boring meetings," he grinned but the grin was so rapacious she felt her pussy quiver.

Carefully he wound the tie around her wrists, then tied it over her head to one of the spindles on the headboard. She watched his eyes take in every inch of her body—her breasts now stretched so her nipples pointed at him, her pussy with dew glistening on the curls. The way he was kneeling, his cock was only a whisper from her mouth, one drop of liquid glistening on the broad, plum-colored head.

Impulsively she reached out her tongue and licked it. The taste was a warm mixture of sweet and salty, its flavor bursting in her mouth. Not being able to touch him, to take that thick shaft in her hand, was frustrating yet at the same time so erotic her pulse speeded up.

Riley's breath hissed at the feel of her tongue and he rocked slightly against her mouth.

"I'd love to come in that sweet mouth, darlin'," he murmured, "but not before I fuck that delicious, sweeter-than-sugar cunt of yours.

Still he rocked forward again and she opened her mouth, letting the head slide in past her lips. Her tongue teased the soft flesh, the tip of it probing into the slit where pre-cum continued to pearl. She swallowed each mouthwatering drop, hollowing her cheeks to try to suck him in deeper.

Eyes closed, he allowed himself one more moment of pure pleasure, then pulled back, her warm lips making one last glide over his cock. Shifting position, he knelt between her thighs, raking her body with his eyes. She looked unbelievable with her hands bound over her head, stretched out for him like prey served up for a hunter. He couldn't wait to feast on her.

Again his tongue teased her slit, sweeping from clit to anus and back again, her flavors blending on his tongue like an exotic cocktail. His hands lifted her legs to bend them at the knee, spreading them wide then pushing them back toward her breasts so her pussy was wide open to his assault.

Binding her hands excited her. He could see it in her eyes and the delicate flush of her skin. The pulse at the base of her throat beat faster, harder and he knew excitement raced through her. What else would she let him do? What else would turn her on? Had she ever done any of this before or was he her first...in so many ways? The thought that he was entering virgin territory sent spikes of heat through him. He'd stopped thinking that a woman like this existed for him—mature, ripe, adventurous and with a brain.

Unable to wait any longer, he reached for the condom he'd dropped onto the bed, tore open the foil and sheathed himself. Levering himself against her knees, he pressed the head of his cock against her vaginal opening, watching the slick flesh part for him very slowly. He rocked his hips gently, easing the head into her in tiny increments.

Jesus! She was so tight. The last thing he wanted was to hurt her. He pulled out for a moment, leaned down and lapped at her again, mingling his fluid with hers, then began to enter her again.

She was panting as she strained to take him, little moans escaping her lips, her body reaching up to meet his.

Riley closed his eyes and gritted his teeth. She was so damn tight! He had to hold back on the insistent orgasm about to explode in his body before he came too fast like some horny teenager.

Shifting his hand from one knee, he wrapped his fingers around his cock and rocked harder against her, guiding himself inside her. As her flesh began to part for him more cream flowed through her cunt, lubricating his way. Increment by increment he pushed his way into her.

When he opened his eyes to look at her, the carnal heat that flared back at him almost undid him. She was moving harder against him now, welcoming him into her body, trying to suck him into that very tight little pussy. As her flesh glided over his, he felt tiny little quivers in the walls of her vagina teasing his engorged shaft.

*Oh, sweet Jesus, don't let me lose it now.*

And then he was all the way in, his balls against the smooth skin of her ass, her cunt grasping at him like a hot, wet fist. He had to move. He had to.

He tried to keep the rhythm slow and steady but she arched to meet each thrust, pulling at him, sucking at him, clenching around him. He couldn't wait any longer. Moving his hand to her clit, he massaged his thumb back and forth across the swollen little bud, faster and faster. Her sounds of pleasure rose from her throat and her hips thrust at him again and again.

He watched her eyes, trying to gauge her readiness. And then he felt her pussy begin to tighten around him even more, saw the muscles of her tummy flex and a long, low sound from her throat filled the room. He rolled his hips and thrust deeply one last time, his semen filling the thin latex as his cock pulsed hard and her pussy milked him, bathing him with her liquid heat.

He shuddered as the orgasm ripped through him, holding himself taut over her, feeling every ripple of her body. Then it was over and he collapsed forward, catching

himself on his forearms and pulling one of her nipples into his mouth as the last spasms died away.

Kari felt as if she'd been wrung out and left on the line. The orgasm was so powerful it gripped every muscle in her body, shaking her like the wind of a cyclone, then dropping her back to earth.

She'd had serious reservations about taking all of Riley's cock inside her once she got a look at it. It was without a doubt the biggest one she'd ever seen. Certainly larger than anything her body had been fucked with in her entire life. Even bigger than her largest dildo at home that was her special favorite.

It had stretched her unbelievably but Riley had moved slowly, easing himself into her, lubricating her so he wouldn't hurt her tender flesh. And once he was all the way in, it was like nothing she'd ever felt before—full, thick, pressing against the mouth of her womb. When at last he began to move she was afraid she'd come too soon.

But Riley Tucker was a man who knew what he was doing. His hip rolls and thrusts were just hard enough, just deep enough, to carry her up the pleasure spiral. The feeling of his balls slapping against her ass as he moved only enhanced the excitement. When her orgasm finally roared through her, she was afraid she might not live through it.

She couldn't believe how much having her hands tied enhanced her response, her need. Did he do this with all his women? Would he want to do...other things? She'd devoured books about BDSM and while there were many acts she wasn't sure she could handle, she at least wanted the chance to experiment.

The only sound in the room was the rasping of their breath as they dragged air into their lungs. At last Riley slipped from her body, rolled to the side and off the bed, heading for the bathroom to dispose of the condom.

When he came back, still struggling to keep his breathing even, he looked down at her and smiled.

"I may have to keep you this way all night, darlin'. You just look so tempting."

She felt heat wash over her. All night? Did he plan for her to stay that long?

"I don't know about you but I could sure use a cold beer." When she nodded he headed for the living room. "You just hold on. I'll be right back."

She had to smile. Hold on? Where did he think she could go?

When he returned, glorious in his nudity, he carried two frosty Lone Stars with him. He propped two pillows behind Kari's head and held the bottle for her to drink, making sure she took tiny swallows.

"I could untie you," he grinned, "but I don't think I want to yet. Want more?"

She licked her lips, tasting the cool liquid on her lips and shook her head. "No, thanks. I'm good right now. Are you planning to do this until I finish?"

"Maybe." He winked at her. "Now it's my turn."

She raised an eyebrow quizzically when he moved back between her legs, then took two other pillows and propped them under her hips.

"What are you doing?" She couldn't keep either the curiosity or the heat out of her voice.

"I told you. Having my drink. This is better than the finest crystal goblet, darlin'. Don't tell me no one ever sipped from your navel before." At her startled look, he said, "No? Then let me be the first to enjoy this delicacy."

He bent his head and drew a line across her tummy with his tongue, then dribbled a little of the beer into the indentation of her belly button. When she felt the first cold drops on her skin she jumped, startled by the chilly feel of it. But the moment he touched his tongue to her skin and began to lap at the liquid, heat blazed through her. She wriggled a little, adjusting to the contrasting sensations, a tiny thrill rushing through her as he lapped slowly and thoroughly, catching every drop.

He looked up at her for a moment with that devil's grin, then poured a little more of the beer into her navel and repeated the process. When he slipped one hand beneath

her buttocks and lifted her to his mouth, the muscles in her pussy quivered with anticipation of what would come next.

With his other hand he reached out and set the bottle on the bedside table, keeping her hips elevated. He stared down at her as if memorizing every inch of her body. Then he drew a line with his tongue from her navel to her cunt and slid his stiffened tongue into her, lapping at her like a cat with a bowl of cream.

Kari didn't know which sensation aroused her more—the cold beer he'd poured against her heated skin or his hot tongue rasping inside her pussy, curling so the tip brushed her sweet spot. She only knew that, as sated as she'd been just minutes before, the pulse in her womb was throbbing again and her blood was running hot in her veins. The walls of her vagina fluttered at the twin sensations of tongue and liquid.

Riley raised his head, licking his lips at the combination of beer and her arousal liquid. "Mm. Best mixed drink I've ever had."

He repeated the process again and again, pouring just a few drops of beer into her belly button, sipping at it, then moving his tongue back down to her pussy. By the time he'd drunk half the bottle this way, Kari was writhing against her restraints, moaning and panting. She could feel every separate nerve in her vagina spark to life, each snap and sizzle spiking through her body. She desperately needed to feel that huge cock inside her again and wondered if she was really a closet sex fiend.

Riley watched her through heavy-lidded eyes as he slid two fingers onto her hungry channel. When her inner walls clamped down on him and she thrust her hips at him he grinned.

"Ahhh. The gorgeous, sweet pussy wants to be fucked, doesn't it? You're ready to come again, aren't you?" As if to underscore his knowledge he flicked a finger across her throbbing clit.

"Yesss," Kari hissed.



He leaned forward, a teasing look in his passion-darkened eyes. "But I'm not going to let you. Not yet. "He flicked her clit again and she felt the jolt all the way to her womb. "I have plans for you, darlin' and I want you completely aroused."

*Don't worry. I will be.*

At last he leaned back on his heels, grinned at her again and maneuvered himself so he could reach her drink. With gentle care he touched the mouth of the bottle to her lips and eased the liquid in a sip at a time. When she nodded that she was finished, he set it aside.

"I love seeing you tied up," he told her, "but I don't want your arms to get sore. And there may be things I want you to use your hands for."

He easily flipped open the knot on the tie and eased her arms down, rubbing the muscles of her upper arms with his strong hands and placing kisses along each one.

"Thank you but I was fine," she told him, hitching herself up further on the pillows. "Really." She couldn't stop the smile on her face. "Really, really fine."

"And I want you to stay that way." He kissed her, one large hand caressing her cheek, his eyes flashing with dark desire. "You liked being tied up, didn't you, Kari? It turned you on."

Wordlessly she nodded.

"Good. That's good." He licked her lips. "I wonder what else would get you hot. Turn you on. Arouse you more than you've ever been aroused before." He brushed a kiss against her mouth. "Maybe we'll see how many boundaries we can push. You like the thought of that?"

A butterfly tripped through her tummy. Oh, yeah. She loved the thought of that. Wasn't that why she was here? "Is that what you want, Riley? For me to push all the boundaries?"

The grin nearly undid her. "Well, maybe not all at once." His finger brushed back and forth over the tip of the nipple with a metronomic rhythm, his eyes following its

movement. "Kari, there are a lot of things I want to do with you. You've got this age thing hang-up but you can't imagine what a turn-on it is for me. Sex with you has a richness to it. A lushness. I could get lost in your body without half trying. I don't want to frighten you or turn you off, so we'll go slowly. I promise."

She forced a grin. "Don't you think a younger woman would be more...responsive? More inventive? More...whatever?"

"More responsive than you?" His face hardened and for a moment his eyes were like flat disks. "Been there, done that." Then he leaned over and licked one nipple. "All I have to do is look at you and the most incredible scenes run through my mind." His fingers drifted into the top of her slit and plucked at her clit.

"Riley, I can't think when you do that."

"That's the idea, darlin'. That's the idea."

He realized he'd had no idea what he was getting himself into. When she'd climbed up on the stool next to him a bolt of pleasure had speared through his body, hardening his cock until he could drive nails with it. Tired of the games the women his age always played, tired of always feeling like an actor on a stage, the minute he'd looked into Kari's eyes he felt a sense of rightness. Of being connected.

Now, in a compressed amount of time, he was becoming addicted to this woman. He wanted to fuck her every way possible. To introduce her to his sexual lifestyle, the games he liked to play. The things he liked to do. He just knew she'd be a wild woman, giving as much as she took. The kind of woman he'd been searching for.

But he also knew it would take more than one night to accomplish all that. He'd have to pace himself, not hit her with everything too fast. Or she'd run. He sensed that. She needed time to learn to trust him. Her entire attitude shouted "one night only" so he'd have to find a way around that. Because he had the feeling tonight was just a beginning, not an end. Or a means to an end.

He teased her clit as his mouth moved over hers, his tongue tracing the outline, his teeth nipping at the soft flesh. When he lightly pinched her clit and she opened her mouth on a soft moan, he slipped his tongue inside and fucked her wet, delicious mouth. He moved one leg over hers and eased it toward him, opening her wide again, giving him better access to that astoundingly appealing pussy.

As his tongue licked at every inner surface of her mouth, his fingers played with her clit, rubbing it, flicking at it, his nail riding the tip of it. When he slid one finger lower he found her wet again, her liquid spilling from her. When he lifted his head the scent of her arousal filled his nostrils.

"Cup your breasts for me," he murmured in a husky voice. "Go on. Don't be embarrassed. I want to see you touch them."

Blushing furiously, she curved her palms to hold her breasts, the skin tingling. He wondered if she did this when she was alone. Did she watch herself in front of a mirror, massaging the rounded globes, plucking at the deep rose nipples? His eyes flicked to the mirror over the dresser on the far wall. Before tonight was over he'd be fucking her in front of it, watching every expression on her face as he played with her body and impaled her on his cock.

"Now pinch your nipples," he told her. "Roll them in your fingers. Make them swell. Yes. Like that." She moaned and tossed her head back and forth. "You want to come, darlin'?" He heard the lust in his voice.

"Yes. Oh god, yes."

"All right. But I'm going to watch you. I want to see that tight little cunt when you come. Spread your legs wide for me. As wide as you can."

When she did he shifted his eyes to the pouty lips of her vagina. He used the fingers of one hand to hold the lips wide open while the other continued to strum her clit mercilessly. Her breathing quickened and her hips began to jerk.

"Keep pinching those nipples," he told her.

Riley watched the taut buds harden even more, blood rushing to his cock as carnal images of her bringing herself to orgasm flashed through his mind. He spread the lips of her cunt even more as he continued to strum her clit, seeing the juices flowing from her wet channel, the slick flesh clutching at empty air. He ground his teeth to keep his own spasms at bay, mesmerized by the sight of her pussy grasping and clenching. Her hips jerked and twisted as she thrust up at him again and again. She was close. So close.

The more he watched, the harder he got. The more his balls ached. The more he wanted to feel his cock buried in her so deep he wouldn't be able to tell there was any separation. He wanted that snug little cunt milking him for all it was worth. Wanted those spasms he was seeing gripping his shaft.

He moved his hand from her clit to wrap it around his erection. Glancing down he saw the top wet with pre-cum, felt the vein at the underside pulsing as blood engorged him.

"Riley!" she screamed as her orgasm grabbed her.

She arched her neck, tilting back her head as he increased the friction on her clit. Her body tensed, her hips thrashed. She tried desperately to squeeze her legs together but he held them apart, watching her open cunt as it pulsed and throbbed and liquid flowed from it. Her pussy clutched on empty air and her hips thrust as she strained like a wild thing against the climax weaving through her body.

"Fuck me, Riley," she pleaded, her voice hoarse. "Please. Let me feel your cock inside me."

He couldn't hold off. He was so close to his own orgasm, he barely had time to sheath himself before he lifted her hips to give him better access and plunged in with one deep stroke.

*Oh Jesus god. Oh Jesus.*

She was still so tight he wondered that she was able to take him.

"Did I hurt you?" he gasped.

"No." She pressed herself up to him. "No, no, no. Keep doing it. More."

"All right, darlin'. Here comes more."

There was no easing this time, no slow glide, no soft rhythm. This was hard and fast because he couldn't do it any other way. He slammed into her over and over again, his hands gripping her hips, the head of his cock bumping her womb. Her hot flesh was like a glove squeezing him, pulling at him. Lightning skittered along his spine and his balls tightened and drew up as his hips thrust and rolled.

Kari wrapped her legs around him, pressing her heels into the base of his spine, pulling him into her harder and tighter. Her hands clutched at his arms, her head fell back on the pillows and the sound of flesh slapping against flesh echoed through the room. A long, low moan rolled from her mouth. He pushed into her one last time as his orgasm exploded with such force he was afraid the top of his head would come off.

He felt Kari's own orgasm pumping through her, grabbing his cock and dragging every last spurt of semen from him, filling the latex reservoir. When he was empty and spent he collapsed forward, barely catching himself on his forearms to keep from crushing her. He couldn't seem to get enough air in his lungs and his heart hammered so hard he was afraid it would jump out of his chest.

*Jesus Jesus Jesus.*

He'd had powerful orgasms in his life. Lots of them. Maybe hundreds of them. But he didn't remember any of them reaching into his soul and dragging it out the way this one did. He felt as if every bit of life had been drained from him, yet a warm feeling of peace stole over him.

This was just supposed to be a one-night stand. Maybe two.

*What the hell is happening here?*

## **Chapter Four**

Kari wasn't sure she'd ever be able to catch her breath again. Her skin felt too hot, her breasts too full and her pussy continued to pulse with aftershocks. She licked her lips and managed to draw in a lungful of air.

Riley lifted his head, his heavy-lidded eyes looking into hers. "I'm too heavy for you."

"No, no," she protested.

But he rolled to the side, taking her with him, his cock still snugly inside her. Her muscles had turned to gelatin and all she could do was lean her head against his shoulder, inhaling his scent.

It seemed forever before he moved, his cock relaxed enough to slip from her grasp.

He slid his palm over her arm and hip, caressed her ass before pushing himself off the bed. "I'll be right back."

She admired the flex of his taut buttocks as he walked to the bathroom, then closed her eyes. Even for someone with her limited experience she knew Riley Tucker had just rocked her world. When she'd gathered her courage and marched into Petey's tonight, she'd hoped for exciting sex, but holy mother! This was beyond her expectations. And if she understood what he'd said, the evening wasn't over.

Her eyes opened as the mattress dipped beside her, a hand caressed her buttocks.

"Did I wear you out?" His smile bathed her body like warm honey.

"Mmm." She grinned back. "But deliciously so."

"I think we could both use a nap, then maybe a shower."

Her eyes opened wider. "A nap? A shower?"

He bent over and brushed his mouth against her ear. "I can't wait to lather soap all over this hot body."

Winking at her, he lay down beside her, pulling the sheet over them both. "You know, for two dedicated Cubs fans we didn't even get to see the end of the game."

"Game?" she giggled.

"Yeah, it kind of flew out of my mind too." He picked up the remote from the nightstand and turned on the screen on the opposite wall. A comedy flickered on the screen. "Oops. Guess we missed it. I'll find a sports channel."

He switched channels until he found one giving the scores for the evening.

"Look." Kari laughed when she saw the score. "The Cubs won by seven runs. Cubs win! Cubs win!!"

"Sure did." He flipped through the channels until he found one with mood music on it. "Good. We can nap with a clear conscience."

He pulled her against his body, his arm wrapped around her, her bottom snuggled up against his semi-soft cock.

Kari closed her eyes and drifted off.

## Chapter Five

She woke with the soft music still playing in the background and strong arms lifting her from the bed. A warm mouth brushed kisses along her forehead and cheeks. Automatically she threw one arm around a strong male neck and leaned into the body.

Then her eyes flew open,

“What...What’s...”

“Shhh.” More soft kisses. “Shower time. The hotel left us lots of goodies. It would be a shame not to use them.”

The bathroom was as big as her bedroom, which was no small closet. A hot tub bubbled against one wall opposite a vanity long enough to lie down on. The shower was completely glass-enclosed and big enough for an orgy.

*Orgy! There’s that word again!*

“I started the hot tub,” Riley told her, setting her down on her feet. “I thought after the shower we might give it a whirl.”

Could she tell him that one of her secret fantasies had been sex in a hot tub? Sucking the cock of a man who turned on every hormone in her body? Letting him bring her to orgasm with his fingers and hand? Then sliding down on his cock while the heated water bubbled around them?

She heard the hissing of the shower as it sprayed against the tiles, then Riley was lifting her again and carrying her under the stream with him. Water sprayed at them from a dozen different jets, her skin tingling beneath a thousand tiny fingers, the warm rivulets washing away the mental cobwebs from her nap.

Riley turned her face toward him and lowered his lips to hers, just a light pressure at first, then harder, his tongue sweeping back and forth across the seam until her lips



parted and she gave him entrance. It was like having a live wire in her mouth, setting nerves ablaze wherever it touched. Her nipples tingled and deep inside her cunt the throb of sensual need was beating. He was seducing her with his mouth, in the shower and she never wanted him to stop.

"God, you feel good," he murmured against her open mouth. "I can't wait to run my hands over every inch of this body again, although I hate washing away the scent of sex. Of the things we did."

"Oh?"

"Absolutely."

He picked up a bottle from the built-in shelf and squeezed liquid into his hand. Immediately the shower was filled with the scent of ripe peaches, the hot, misty air surrounding them like an orchard in full bloom. Working it into a rich foam, he glided his hands over her body starting at her shoulders. He moved them in circles, rubbing here, rubbing there, the slick gel like liquid satin on her skin.

He paid an enormous amount of attention to her breasts, lathering every square inch of them, sliding his fingers along the valley between. Keeping the same circular motion on her nipples until they felt ready to burst from the sensations. Pleasure rocketed through her. Her knees were turning to water and she reached up and clung to his shoulders to hold herself steady.

"Feel good, darlin'?" he crooned, moving his hands lower. "Your skin is so soft it feels like angels' wings."

"And your hands feel like magic," she murmured.

"That's the idea, darlin'. I'm going to do magic things to this heart-stopping body."

He was lower now, rubbing the lather against her tummy, pressing the bubbles into her navel, then tracing the line at the top of her pubic curls. Without thinking she moved her feet apart and his hand slid down the length of her slit as if it belonged there. He rubbed the lather into her curls as if he were shampooing them, then lazily

trailed one fingertip between her outer lips. The moment she felt him touching her sensitive flesh, she felt a fresh flood of cream drench her pussy.

Riley's finger moved inside her and she heard a murmur of satisfaction rumble from him.

"Like that, do you? How about this?"

Two of his long fingers penetrated her, wiggling in the tight clasp of her sheath. As if they had a mind of their own her hips began shifting forward and back, riding his hand, the nerves in the walls of her cunt sparking like living things.

Then, without warning, they were gone.

"Nooo," she moaned.

Riley took her moan into his mouth and murmured into hers, "Don't get greedy, darlin'. We have a long way to go here."

She was weak-kneed from the jolts of pleasure racing through her.

Pouring more lather into a palm, Riley stroked the foam down the outside of her legs, his touch a soothing caress. She'd never thought of her ankles or knees as erogenous zones but under Riley's ministrations it seemed her entire body was one big hot spot. She shivered in anticipation when he moved to the inside of her thighs but again he whisked his hands away, his laugh dark and teasing.

"Time to turn around." His words were a pleasant buzz against her ear as he shifted so she faced one glass wall and he placed her against the smooth surface. "Don't move, okay?"

She nodded. *As if I could.*

He paid the same careful attention to her back, her shoulders, the ridges of her spine, massaging each one individually. But when his hand slipped into the cleft of her buttocks she tensed.

"Relax," he said, placing small kisses on her shoulder. Let me show you how good this feels. "Do you trust me, Kari?"

She exhaled a long breath and nodded her head.

“All right, then. Relax and let me in.”

She sensed his movements as he poured more shower gel onto his hands, then with one palm flat against her stomach he slowly pressed one finger of the other hand into the tight ring of her ass. Pressed, pressed, pressed until he was past the muscle and inside the dark tunnel. A thrill of forbidden pleasure began to spiral through her, unwinding and reaching into every part of her body. She forced herself to relax and accept the intrusion and suddenly tiny spasms raced through her pussy.

*Oh god! Oh god, this feels so good. I could come just from this one thing.*

His breath tickled her ear as he chuckled. “I told you I’d make you feel good. I can make you feel even better.”

A second finger slipped in next to the first, spreading and stretching her tissues, rubbing against the sensitive spots of this virgin flesh. When he began to move his fingers in and out, she shivered all over. The faster he stroked, the more aroused she became, streaks of excitement heating her body.

“Do you like that darlin’? When I have my cock in here you’ll like it even more. When I have you spread out on the bed with your ass in the air and my cock all the way in this heat, I promise you’ll go crazy.”

*I’m already going crazy.*

She rocked back and forth, impaled on his fingers, wanting more, more, more. As if she’d spoken aloud Riley pressed a third finger inside her, filling her completely and stretching her sensitive tissues. The moment the third finger was inside her he slid his other hand down to rub her clit, pinching it, teasing it, plucking at it.

Kari didn’t know how she managed to keep standing. Her legs threatened to buckle under her as sensation after sensation chased over her body. Her pulse pounded and her blood raced as Riley took her up that dark spiral higher and higher. He pressed his thumb hard against her clit, pushed two fingers into her cunt and stroked in and out of both channels in a coordinated rhythm.

That was all it took to push her past the tipping point. She tossed her head back and screamed his name as her orgasm roared up through her body, shuddering and shaking her, tossing her into a whirlpool filled with fireworks. She lost it completely, shouting and crying, hips thrusting back and forth, suspended only on the weight of Riley's pistoning fingers.

She had no idea how long it went on before her body finally gave out. Riley removed his fingers and turned her so she leaned limply against him. His tongue licked the outer shell of her ear.

"Think what it will be like when I have my cock in there, darlin'," he whispered. "Keep thinking about it."

He sat her on the built-in seat while he washed and rinsed himself off. Turning off the shower, he lifted her, stepped out and into the bubbling hot tub.

"Lean back and let the jets soothe you," he told her. "Let your body relax."

Pulsing water bumped against her well-used body, soothing it. She felt completely decadent and gave him a totally sated grin. "If I were any more relaxed I'd be comatose."

Riley edged himself closer to her on the underwater bench so he could slide his arm around her shoulders and draw her close to him. "We wouldn't want that." He turned his face and kissed her cheek. "Tell me how good that was."

Kari knew exactly what he was asking. Despite the care he had taken, her ass still burned from Riley's penetration. Yet the memory of his fingers inside the dark tunnel and the orgasm it had produced sent shivers through her.

She blushed and ducked her head. "It was...amazing."

"For me too, darlin'. Just watching you come apart like that. Feeling your juices pour into my hand and your ass clench around my fingers." The look he gave her was so hot she felt her body warm all over.

She glanced to where the water was washing over his groin and smiled to herself. Riley had taken good care of her but he was still in need. All that shower play had aroused him as much as her, but he hadn't sought any relief for himself. She'd discovered right away that stroking and sucking his amazing cock gave her unbelievable pleasure. Her hand stole over to where his swollen shaft bobbed in the water.

"But I think you still need taking care of."

"Just lean back and enjoy the water," he said. "I'm good."

She couldn't help herself. She laughed. "Oh, Riley, you are more than good. But I have a feeling it wouldn't take much effort on my part to share my pleasure with you."

He closed his eyes and leaned his head back, the wet strands of his inky hair plastered to his head bringing his incredible profile into stark relief.

Kari was sure she could look at him for hours and never tire of it.

Her hand stole over to his engorged shaft and she wrapped her fingers around it, setting a slow, stroking pace. Soft velvet covered hard steel, growing larger in her hand as she pumped. Her eyes dropped to the large head now a deep purple, the slit winking at her. She slid off the bench onto her knees and cupped his balls with her other hand.

Riley groaned his bliss. "Kari, you don't have to do this. I'm fine."

"Let me give you pleasure, okay?" *Because I don't know if I'll ever get the chance to do this again, despite your hints of more, more, more.*

His hand tightened on her shoulder. "I guess it's too late to argue with you," he grinned.

She squeezed and rolled the heavy sac as her fingers moved faster on his shaft. She knew he was close to orgasm, as aroused as he was. When she felt the tightening of his sac and the first pulse against her grip she urged him up enough to take him into her mouth and sucked hard. He erupted like a geyser, that same salty-sweet taste flooding her mouth and sliding down her throat.

She stroked and sucked until the last bit of semen was drawn from his cock and it lay limply in her hand. She placed a kiss on the head, teased her tongue through the slit, then moved back onto the bench next to Riley.

"Now we can relax," she told him with an impish grin.

\* \* \* \* \*

Riley was dreaming and in the dream something was wrong. He didn't know what but a great sense of unease stole over him. He fought his way up from the dream and threw his arm out to the side, reaching for Kari's warm body. And encountered only empty space.

Instantly he was awake, sitting up and looking wildly around.

"Kari? Where are you, darlin'?"

When no one answered him, he threw back the sheet and padded toward the bathroom. Maybe she was in there. But all he found was the huge shower and hot tub and the memory of her mouth on his in the bubbling water. Next he tried the living room, still calling out to her, finally realizing she was truly gone. Her clothes, her purse, everything except the lingering scent of her jasmine perfume.

He sat in one of the armchairs and dropped his head in his hands. "Shit. Shit, shit, shit."

He'd scared her somehow. He knew she'd come with him willingly. Even eagerly. But he also sensed without her ever having said anything that she was an untutored novice, especially in the kind of sex he liked.

*Damn, damn, damn.*

He wanted this woman in the worst way. No, the best way. He of the one-night stands, the use 'em and lose 'em philosophy, was hooked on a woman after only a few hours. He wanted to introduce her to all the pleasures she'd never experienced. To fuck her every way possible. To see if there could be more to this relationship.

*Whoa! Hold on, Riley.*

More to this relationship? Well, maybe it was time. And women like Kari didn't come along too often.

Wait a minute. What if she was scared not because of the sex but because of the age thing? He slammed a fist on the arm of the chair. Didn't she understand that he was just as nervous about it as she was? That he was worried she'd think he was too young, too shallow? Too...whatever? He'd tried to tell her in plain English but apparently he hadn't done a very good job of it.

He had to do something about this. Just thinking about it made him so hard he wasn't sure he'd be able to zip his pants. Picking up the phone, he ordered coffee from room service, then headed for the shower. He had one ace up his sleeve she didn't know about and he planned to use it.

## **Chapter Six**

"Okay, where did you find the hunk and why have you been keeping him a secret?"

Kari looked up from her desk to find her office manager, Sheila Warrick, leaning in her doorway, a huge grin on her face and her eyes filled with curiosity.

"What?" She frowned, her mind still on the contract she was reviewing. "I don't understand. What hunk?"

"The one with the impressive package and the seduce-me eyes." She laughed. "I can't believe you haven't said one word about him, Miss I-have-no-one-in-my-life."

Kari felt a trickle of perspiration wiggle its way down her spine. "I don't... I'm not..."

"I usually leave her speechless," that voice like melted chocolate said from behind Sheila. "That's probably why she hasn't said a word."

Sheila moved aside and there he was, just as tempting and wicked as the night before. In place of last night's jeans he was wearing black slacks that looked as if they'd been tailored specifically for him and a gray silk shirt, open at the throat. The turquoise ring that bound his silk fall of hair last night had been replaced by a twisted gold one that matched the tiny stud winking in his left ear.

Kari took a deep, controlling breath and somehow managed to pull herself together. "Thanks, Sheila. I can take it from here."

"You sure?" Sheila lingered in the doorway. "I can help you with anything you need."



"We're good. Thanks for showing me in." With a movement almost like magic he swept Sheila out of the office and closed the door. His eyes bored into her. "My bed was uncomfortably empty when I woke up this morning."

Kari moistened her lips with the tip of her tongue. "I wanted to save either of us any embarrassment."

"Embarrassment?" Anger etched every line of his face. "Kari, we had a beautiful night that I was hardly ready to end. Why the fuck would I be embarrassed?"

She dropped her eyes to the folder on her desk. "I don't... I thought..."

In two long strides he was standing in front of her desk. He cupped her chin with his palm and tilted her face up to him. "Is this about that stupid fucking age thing again?" When she didn't answer, he said, "Well, is it?"

"H-how did you find me? I didn't even give you my last name."

"I could say I used my extensive resources but instead I was just plain sneaky." He reached in his pants pocket and pulled out a business card, holding it up between two fingers. "I stole it from your purse."

"You *stole* it?"

"Uh-huh. I had a hunch you might do exactly what you did. I filched it before I woke you for the shower."

At the thought of that shower his eyes darkened and the look he gave Kari made her pussy tingle.

"Okay. So you found me. Now what?"

He walked around her desk and lifted her out of her chair, pulling her into him for a long, heart-stopping kiss. Whatever else she had been going to say disappeared like windblown feathers. When he finally released her she could only stare up at him with hazy eyes and wonder why she had ever wanted to disappear from him.

"Now we go to lunch," he said, his own breathing none too steady. "Get your purse."

"Lunch? B-but I have clients..."

"And you just got a new one. Me."

She stared at him. "You? Why do you want a real estate agent?"

He was guiding her toward the door. "The usual reasons. I want to buy a house and rent some office space. Maybe a whole floor in a building." He grinned down at her. "That's what you do, isn't it? Handle real estate?"

"B-but I don't understand."

"You will." He chuckled at the faces of her agents staring open-mouthed as he led her out of the office. "She won't be back today, folks."

"I'll take care of her calendar," Sheila hollered as the door swung shut behind them.

"There. See?" He punched the button for the elevator. "All taken care of."

"But —"

"No buts." He winked at her. "You can't be rude to a client, can you?"

In minutes they were in a black SUV pulling out of the parking lot and heading toward downtown San Antonio. Her brain was so rattled she couldn't form coherent sentences. Riley was humming to himself, reaching over every now and then to squeeze her hand. Finally she broke the silence.

"What kind of business?"

He slid a glance at her. "What?"

"What kind of business are you in? What kind of house do you want? And offices."

"I just closed a deal on a technology business here. Like the city. Decided I wanted to stay." He rubbed his thumb over her knuckles. "Especially after last night."

"Listen, Riley..."

"I'm just a man who made the internet pay off big time and needs a place to put down roots. I've been here for three weeks."

"Staying in the hotel?"

"Uh-huh. It's a great hotel, don't you think?"

"Y-yes."

"Good. That's where we're having lunch. Up in my suite."

She knew she should protest. Should make him take her back to the office. Should argue with him about this. It was so hard for her to give up control, especially to a man. To let him be in charge. But last night hadn't she decided that was what she really wanted? With the right man? Just thinking of handing the reins to Riley drenched the crotch of her thong. Her nipples were tender against the lace of her bra as she thought of being with him last night and the things they'd done.

She let out a long breath.

She'd wanted adventure. This morning she'd run like a coward but Fate was giving her a second chance. A chance to live out her fantasies with a man who was everything a woman could ask for. This time she wouldn't run away from it.

\* \* \* \* \*

The door to the suite was barely closed and locked before Riley was unbuttoning her suit jacket, slipping it off her shoulders and working on the zipper of her skirt.

"I thought we were going to have lunch," she said, heat flaming everywhere his fingers touched her.

"We are." His voice was husky with passion. "This is the appetizer."

His lips were tracing a warm line from her chin along the column of her neck to the upper swell of her breasts. As the filmy fabric of her blouse slid down her arms he followed its path with his lips, first one arm then the other. Every touch felt like the light kiss of a butterfly, barely touching her skin but lighting up every nerve in its path. Her skirt pooled at her feet as he slid it down her hips and his fingertips trailed down to her stomach and the lace band of her thong.

He touched her everywhere, with his fingers and his mouth, one following the other, while he stood perfectly still, exploring her with one hand and holding her with

the other. The scent of her arousal rose around her, mingling with the jasmine of her perfume and the spice of Riley's aftershave. He inhaled deeply, his nostrils flaring at the mingled aromas.

Kari closed her eyes and made herself stand still, her pulses rioting with each separate caress, each pathway his fingers drew. She squeezed her thighs together to control their quivering and press against the tiny spasms in her cunt. At last Riley lifted her in his arms, the skirt falling away, and used one hand to lift her shoes off and toss them to the side.

"Riley," she breathed, as he carried her into the bedroom.

"We have unfinished business," he murmured in her ear. "But first we're going to have a little discussion." He sat on the edge of the bed, holding her on his lap.

"Dis-discussion?"

"Yes. About you leaving the way you did. And about this age hang-up you've got." He kissed her eyelids and her cheeks, then rubbed his mouth against hers. "You've been a very bad girl. Did you know that?"

She had no idea where her next words came from, except an overdose of erotic romance novels. "Maybe you should spank me."

His hands tightened on her reflexively and his eyes darkened. "Spank you?"

"Uh-huh." She felt a blush creep up her cheeks but she refused to look away.

"Then I think we should attend to business."

He turned her face down on his muscular thighs, the smooth fabric of his slacks rubbing against her skin. Wearing only a thong, her buttocks were completely bare. One of his hands wandered lightly over the exposed skin, caressing it, almost as if he was preparing it. The fingers of one hand wandered into the cleft, following the line of the thong, teasing at her puckered hole.

Kari knew she was wetter than ever and was sure Riley must be aware of it. When his fingers moved lower to her cunt, pulling the crotch of the thong aside and slipping

two fingers into her sopping pussy, she wriggled against him, trying to urge him deeper.

His throaty chuckle was filled with lust. "Not yet, darlin'. Not until you take your punishment."

The first slap was light, only stinging a little bit. She wanted him to spank her harder but was too embarrassed to tell him. What must he think of her, being this brazen? Again she moved her hips, pushing the cheeks of her ass upwards toward him.

The next slap was a littler harder and she jolted slightly.

"Okay, darlin'?" he asked in that soft voice that turned her to mush.

"Yes. Fine. Don't stop."

She waited impatiently for the next sting of his hand but it seemed as if he wanted to draw it out, letting the expectancy heighten her anticipation. He had spread his legs wide enough to balance her yet still allow for multiple points of contact. His swollen cock was pressing into the softness of her belly. Her breasts were pressed hard against his thigh, the fabric of her bra teasing and abrading them. Her mons rubbed against his other leg and she discovered that by moving back and forth just a little bit she could create friction against her clit.

Riley clamped his hand on the base of her spine. "Uh, uh, uh. No sneaking any little pleasure bites."

Smack!

This one was definitely harder and her legs jerked backward. Before she could brace herself the next one fell. Again. And again! Her buttocks were burning, the heat streaking down the insides of her thighs and along the puffy lips of her cunt. She clenched her fists and gritted her teeth against the rising pleasure, swamped by it so suddenly it caught her unawares. But the bite of pain was so exquisite a moan echoed low in her throat.

Riley placed the flat of his hand on her flaming skin, his thumb stroking the crease between her burning cheeks. His fingers drifted down between her thighs, slipping beneath the soaked thong to probe at her slick folds and her hungry pussy. She couldn't believe she didn't want him to stop. The pleasure-pain had taken her so high she needed release. Again she wriggled and pushed back but he slipped his hand free of her body and another slap landed on her heated flesh. She felt the fresh flood of cream released from her vagina run down her thighs. She was sure Riley's slacks must be soaked by now where she lay across them.

"I don't think we're quite finished with our punishment yet." His voice was strained with his effort to maintain control, his desire not to hurt or frighten her as evident as the lust so obviously consuming him.

Kari knew he was feeling his way with her, testing to see how far he could take her each time. She could sense the leashed power vibrating explosively just beneath the surface. And suddenly she wanted to let all that power loose, let him take control of whatever was going to happen.

Every day she was the one in control. Over her employees. Her clients. Her life. When she dated she deliberately chose men weaker than she was. And she was tired of it. Perhaps this was the real reason she'd made the decision to go to Petey's the night before, to seek out a man who could give her things she'd never had. She wanted *this* man to take charge. Now.

The idea was so sexually liberating she felt spasms rippling through her from her womb. She knew Riley somehow felt it by the way his hand stilled on her body. For a moment he didn't move. Then he lifted her from his lap, yanked the covers back and placed her carefully on the bed. His eyes were filled with such carnal need she felt another wave of heat wash over her.

"You like it, don't you, darlin'." It was a statement, not a question. "The spanking. The little nip of pain. The giving over of control." He unbuttoned his shirt. "I like my sex that way, Kari. And think you've just discovered you do too." The shirt slid down

his arms, exposing the hard-muscled chest and the fine pelt of dark curls. "But you know what you might find, Kari? That the person giving up control really has it after all. Because you're giving pleasure as a gift and that's something that can't be compared."

Kari kept watching him, licking her lips at the sight of him. She was so aroused her body begged for release.

"Here's what I want you to do," he continued in that same whiskey voice. "Take that thong off, spread your legs and play with yourself while I take off the rest of my clothes." His voice was a caress itself. "Come on, Kari. I know you're hotter than hell and want to come. I could feel how that spanking stimulated you. Show me your cunt, honey. I felt how wet it was. Let me watch you get yourself off."

Her pulse skittered as she wiggled the thong off and tossed it aside. Spreading her legs wide, she moved her hands to her cunt, closed her eyes and began to rub her clit. She could have been in her bedroom doing this, a regular ritual, except now she had an unbelievably sexy man watching her. A man who wanted her. Who wanted to watch her do this.

She pressed her clit between her thumb and middle finger, pulling it free of its little hood and brushed her forefinger over the almost painfully sensitive tip. At once tiny quivers set up inside her cunt and she clenched her internal muscles.

"Open your eyes, darlin'," Riley ordered, his voice thick. "Look at me while you do that."

She opened her eyes to see him gloriously nude beside her. He moved onto the bed and sat at her feet. "Bend your knees and plant your feet. That's it. I want to see everything, just like last night. Only today you're doing it all."

Kari obeyed, the sound of command in his voice making her impossibly hotter. She could feel cream flowing from her opening and sliding down toward the crack of her ass. Her forefinger picked up speed and her hips began the familiar thrusting motion.

"Let me see you slide two fingers into that cunt. Now, Kari."

She used her other hand to do as he said, sliding two fingers into her dripping vagina and moving them in and out. She was perched so high on the precipice it was only seconds before she felt her orgasm begin to swell through her body, shaking her, making her tremble. Her hips moved, her fingers thrust in and out as her pussy clenched and spasmed. She couldn't seem to stop stimulating herself, tumbling over the edge again and again. It seemed the pulsing would never stop. A guttural sound echoed in the air and she realized it was coming from her.

Her heartbeat sped up and her breath seemed trapped in her throat when her body finally began the slow glide down from the top. She closed her eyes, her head dropping back and struggled to even out her breathing.

"Look at me, Kari." Riley's voice was so heavy with lust she almost didn't recognize it. "That's it." He was on his knees between her legs now, his swollen cock in one hand as he rolled a condom in place. "Keep looking at me, darlin'. God, you have no idea how hot you are. How flushed with need your face is. I may never be able to stop fucking you."

"Riley." She exhaled his name on a long, slow breath.

He pressed the head of his cock against the opening of her vagina, rubbing it back and forth against her slippery flesh. "You make me so damn hard it's a wonder I don't come before I get inside you. Especially when I think of what I'm going to do to you this afternoon."

Impossibly she felt the surge of need rising within her again. "And what's that?" she asked, reaching her hands out to his chest. When her fingers brushed over his nipples he gasped and the muscles in his stomach flexed.

"After I fuck your sweet little cunt I'm going to lay you face down on the bed and tie your hands to the headboard. Thank god they have spindle headboards here. Then I'm going to kneel behind you and eat my fill of your pussy, spank your beautiful ass until it's hot pink again. Then I'm going to lube your tight little asshole so I can slide my cock in all the way and fuck you until you don't even know your own name."



Kari shuddered as spasms of pleasure raced through her. Riley didn't have to tell her to open her eyes now. She couldn't have looked away if her life depended on it. So slowly she wanted to scream at him he pushed his shaft into her hungry pussy, pulling out then moving in a little further each time.

She twisted his nipples in desperation and tugged on the hair on his chest, desperation gripping her.

"Please," she begged. "Please, Riley."

"Please what?" His eyelids were half-lowered as he kept up the steady in and out movement. "What is it you want, darlin'? Is it this?"

He pulled almost all the way out, then rammed into her so deeply she felt the tip of his cock bump against her womb.

"Yes," she cried. "Yes, yes, yes."

Riley was hanging on to his control by the shakiest thread. He couldn't believe what a treasure this woman was. Or how she turned him on. He wondered if he'd ever be able to be around her without wanting to rip off her clothes and plunge himself inside her. His description of the plans he had for later were meant to arouse her more. Instead they were making him so hot he was about to lose it completely. He clenched his jaw tightly, willing himself to maintain the steady stroke in and out of her body. But when she begged him, when she twisted his nipples so fire shot straight to his groin, he knew he was done playing.

He drew back until only the head of his cock was inside her slippery pussy, then plunged hard until he was seated all the way to the balls. That was it. He needed to come now. He slammed home inside her again and again, Kari panting beneath him and urging him on. She threw her legs around him, digging her heels into the small of his back and rode with him for all she was worth.

Her cunt gripped him like a tight fist, milking him, pulling at him. He felt the sensations all the way down to his toes. His balls ached. His spine tightened. His heart

raced like an engine in his chest and he didn't know if he'd ever be able to breathe again.

Riley dipped his head and pulled one swollen nipple into his mouth, drawing a scream of pleasure from Kari. He suckled and nipped and pulled as his hips pistoned and his cock plunged in and out of the tightest pussy he'd ever fucked.

Now. He had to let go now. He was losing it and couldn't hang on. At that moment he felt Kari's orgasm rise in her body, her vagina pulling around him. She screamed his name as she flooded him with her cream, bathed his hungry shaft. Her nipple popped out of his mouth as he threw his head back, pumped one last time and filled the reservoir of the condom with spurt after spurt of semen. With each gush his hips jerked, pressing harder into the convulsing channel.

When it was over he collapsed forward, bracing himself on his forearms, his breath sounding like a ragged knife on metal. Kari was limp beneath him, her own breathing rough and he wondered if the thundering sound he heard was her heart or his.

When he could finally move, he slipped from her body and rolled off the bed to dispose of the condom. Then he collapsed beside her, drawing her close to him, loving the soft feel of her.

"Riley?" she said, in a gentle voice.

"Um hum?"

"I think we should have some lunch before we have no strength left at all."

With what little energy he had left he burst into laughter, tightening his hold on her. God, he loved this woman.

*Loved? Wait a minute. What's going on here? Am I losing my mind? Worse yet, am I losing control?*

But deep in his heart, he knew something special had happened here and he wasn't about to let go of it, no matter what.

\* \* \* \* \*

The remains of lunch sat on the table in the living room of the suite. Now Kari lay on the bed, her wrists bound and fastened to the headboard, legs spread wide. Her pussy throbbed with incredible hunger, astonishing after the last orgasm she'd had. But there it was, grasping at every nerve in her body, arousing every erogenous zone. No man had ever made her feel like this. Ever. Not once in her life. No wonder she so willingly gave control of it to him.

Riley knelt between her widespread legs, the remainder of the bottle of wine in his hands. He tipped it downward to dribble the liquid over her nipples, then took long, slow pulls to lap it up. The wine was cool, his mouth hot and the contrasting sensations made her nipples pulse. Streaks of electricity raced from the pebbled buds to heat her breasts, which were aching for his touch.

His tongue, the now familiar rough velvet, flicked back and forth over one nipple at a time, making sure he captured each spicy drop. Each time he tilted the bottle again, he dribbled just enough to wet the area all around the areola and resume the torture with his mouth.

When he drew a line with tiny drips from the valley between her breasts to her navel she squealed at the bite of the still-chilly golden liquid. His tongue followed the trail, dipping into her navel and swirling the tip around and around.

Lifting his head, his eyes dark with carnal need, he told her, "The wine can hardly improve on the perfect flavor of your skin but it sure tastes better than sipping it from a glass."

Then he bent to his task again, moving slowly closer to the place she wanted to feel him. She widened her legs even more and hitched her hips, her pussy a hair's breadth from his lips. Guttural sounds vibrated in her throat as she twisted back and forth.

Riley's chuckle against the curls of her mound, was sensual. "I love a woman who appreciates the fine uses of wine. Tell me what you want, darlin', and you'll get it." When she didn't answer he commanded, "Tell me, Kari. Right now."

She could hardly catch her breath as he drew circles with his tongue just above her clit. "I want...you to do what...you did last night."

"Last night?" He nipped tender flesh. "I did a lot of things last night. Tell me which one you want." He bit down a little more forcefully. "Now, Kari, or I won't do it."

"That...thing you did with the beer. Do it with the wine."

The chuckle again, filled with dark meaning. "You want me to drink the wine from your navel and eat your pussy? Is that it?"

She nodded, unable to say more, impaled on the spike of her own need.

"Say, 'Pour the wine into my belly button and drink it.' Say it, darlin'."

"Pour...the wine into my...belly button and drink it. And eat my pussy." The last words came out in a rush. She tried to spread her legs even wider, bending them to plant her feet on the bed. A coil of hunger unwound from her womb and her pussy ached with emptiness.

"I aim to please." He gave her clit one little flick with his tongue.

Again and again his mouth and tongue went to work, licking and sucking, tormenting her as the tip scraped against her sensitive inner walls. By the time he'd finished half the wine she was a writhing, moaning mass beneath his hands. Little squeaks of pleasure escaped from her mouth as he sucked up the wine, then curled his tongue inside her greedy channel. The chill of the wine coating his tongue mingled with her own juices and she heard Riley's moans of approval.

She could feel the orgasm building inside her again, pulses throbbing, breasts aching, cunt begging for release. So close, God, she was so close. She strained to reach the elusive precipice, every muscle in her body tense as Riley's wickedly clever tongue pushed her higher and higher.

When he suddenly stopped she wanted to scream.

"Nooo," she wailed. "More, Riley. Please."

He moved up her body to nibble at her lips, then plunge his tongue into her mouth in a carnal kiss. She could taste herself on his lips, the flavor mingled with the wine, and her pussy quivered even more.

"I have something even better, darlin'."

Reaching up he adjusted her bindings so he could flip her over onto her stomach. He pulled two pillows over and slid them beneath her stomach, lifting her ass high in the air. She felt the shift of the mattress as he backed away but in a moment he was back and she felt silken manacles around each ankle. She was spread out like a banquet, unable to do anything but lie there and wait for what came next. More liquid dripped from her as her body shook with anticipation.

"Beautiful," he breathed, when each ankle was fastened to a bedpost. "God, Kari. My cock is so hard right now I could drive nails with it." He moved to her side, kneeling and placing his cock against her lips. "Look at it, darlin'. Taste it."

Her eyes widened as she saw how swollen it was, the head flushed a dark plum color, pre-cum seeping from the slit.

"Lick it, Kari. Right now."

She opened her mouth and snaked her tongue out to lick the flat head, then took it into her mouth, still teasing at it with her tongue.

Riley hissed a long breath and backed away. "Enough. Your mouth could drive a devil mad."

The mattress dipped as he moved into place behind her. His hands caressed the globes of her buttocks, sweeping over the skin.

*Spank me*, she wanted to scream. "Come on, Riley. Do it."

As if he heard her, one hand came down in a stinging slap, her pussy clenched and more cream dripped from her. Then another one and another. Her skin burned and her body wept its arousal as the sensation of the pleasure-pain spread everywhere. Then she felt something cool at the puckered skin of her anus.

"Lube," Riley said, his voice thick and rough. "You're so tight, Kari. I don't want to hurt you if I can help it."

His fingers insinuated themselves into that dark tunnel, first one then two, probing and stretching and rubbing the lube into her tissues. With each movement of his fingers her body clenched in need. She couldn't believe how badly she wanted this. Wanted him to take her ass. Something dark and forbidden gripped her, a fiery sensation whipping through her. She tried to push back at him but her movements were severely restricted.

She heard the tearing of foil, the snap of latex. Then his hands gripped her buttocks spreading the cheeks apart and she felt the inflamed head of his cock pushing at what seemed like a too small opening.

"Relax," Riley breathed, rocking gently against her. "Don't tense up. I'll fit. I promise."

*Relax? Is he kidding?*

One hand balancing on the base of her spine, he reached down between her legs with the other, found her dripping cunt and stroked his fingers back and forth against the slick flesh. As soon as she tried to grip his fingers with her labia he pulled his hand away and began to press against her anus again.

This time, as he rocked, the head pushed harder against the resisting opening, his thumbs rubbing the outer edges of the muscle. He pushed harder and the head popped through, a stinging sensation flooding her rectum. She tried to pull away but his hands held her fast.

"I said don't pull away, darlin'. You'll make it worse. Just hold still for a minute."

He waited the space of one heartbeat. Two. Then he began pressing forward again, using the same rocking movement. Each time he moved forward she took a little more of his cock. Without realizing it she began rocking with him, forward when he pulled back, back when he pushed forward. Her body was reaching again, climbing, desperate

for that orgasm he kept denying her. She fought for it, wanted it, yet the intensity building within her almost frightened her.

In tiny increments his thick, pulsing rod moved further and further into her dark, tight tunnel until with a final push he was completely inside, his heavy sac slapping against the backs of her thighs. But with the burning came an onrush of desire so strong it frightened her.

She struggled, trying to get away from it but Riley held her firm, his thumbs still caressing her tissues as he rode her in a steady rhythm. Her orgasm broke without warning, claiming her in a fierce grip, shaking her, invading her body. She was desperate to pull away, desperate to fall into the release.

"Stay with it, darlin'," Riley rasped. "Ride it out. That's my girl."

She barely caught her breath before she felt another climax building. It was too much too soon, but then it pushed her to yet a higher level, wringing another response from her. Riley's hand stole around to her front again, pinching and tugging at her clit. The moment she felt his touch, her weeping pussy began to spasm again, flexing and convulsing.

Her body was on fire, every pulse point pounding, her blood thundering in her ears. The burning feeling had receded, her body now demanding more of the invasion, more of his cock. Sweat dripped from her as her breathing finally steadied but Riley increased his pace and she felt yet another climax climbing through her.

*Too much. Too much. I can't do this.*

But then she was hurtling onto another plane, spinning and whirling, fireworks exploding around her. Sure she would shatter apart, she could do nothing but let it shake her in its grip.

"I've got you, darlin'." Riley's voice was strained as he struggled to hold on to his own control. "Let go, Kari. Just let go and let it take you."

And because it seemed she had no choice, she hauled in the deepest breath she could, feeling Riley tense behind her and let it all roll over her. She was so sure she

couldn't survive another fierce climax but the moment she felt him spurt into the latex inside her she stopped fighting the incredible force grasping her and let it take her. She spun through blackness, every muscle in her body convulsing, her pussy spasming and the liquid of her arousal dripping from her. On and on it went, tightening everything in her body, heated desire whipping through her as she came and came and came.

She collapsed over the pillows, barely conscious of Riley sliding from her ass, moving away from her, releasing her wrists and ankles. His hands massaged her, his lips following the path they traced over her body, his rasping breath like a hot wind wherever it touched her.

She lay there limply, unable to move, barely able to think except to realize in one impossible act this man had claimed her. She'd never be the same again.

He lay down and spooned her against him, kissing the column of her neck.

"You are incredible, he breathed. "Unbelievable. I don't think I can ever let you go."

She dozed off thinking, *If only*.

\* \* \* \* \*

They were in the hot tub, leaning against the smooth marble behind them, the jets pulsing softly, the scented water bubbling around them. Kari was sure she had never been as relaxed in her entire life. Her body ached in places she didn't know she had and she was weaker than a kitten but she felt exhilarated in a way she never had before. She slid her eyes to Riley's face to find him watching her intently.

"What?" she asked. "My makeup can't be smeared. I don't have any on."

"It's only a number, Kari. Just think of it as a number."

She wrinkled her brow at him. "A number?"

"Age. This thing you're so hung up on."

She tensed up, then forced herself to relax. "Eleven years is a big number, Riley. You're at the prime of your life and I'm—"



"Also in your prime." He flicked water at her. "Did you know men reach their sexual peak earlier than women do? That ought to make us at just about the same level right now."

"We have to get out of bed sometime," she pointed out.

He grinned, that sinful curve of his lips. "Not if I had my way."

"I'm serious, Riley. What then? You've bought a business here. You're merging your others into one conglomerate and setting up headquarters in this city. What about when you have business functions? When you're around other people? They'll take a look at me and —"

"Think I'm the luckiest bastard in the world. And wonder where they can find one like you for themselves. Then I'll have to break the news that you're one of a kind."

"You make it sound so easy."

"It is." He reached his hand over and cupped her chin. "Don't make it harder than it has to be. You'll find me a place for my offices. I can move into your house or we can shop for one together." He kissed her lightly. "Shouldn't be too hard. I have my own personal real estate agent."

"People will look at us and think —"

"Whatever they want to. It doesn't matter. Maybe we moved fast here but life's short. If you don't grab what comes your way you might never get another chance. I want *you*, Kari. Just let go and say yes. Say yes to it all. I promise you'll never be sorry."

Why was she fighting it? She'd come looking for an adventure and found a man who called to her spirit as well as her body. A man who took her to unexplored heights of physical pleasure while treating her with reverence and respect. Who took control while still keeping the choice hers.

Suddenly it felt as if she'd been on a long journey and had unexpectedly come home. She slid closer to Riley and leaned her head on his shoulder.

"All right," she told him.

“All right? Just like that?”

“Just like that. For better or worse, you’ve got me.”

“It will always be for better,” he promised, tightening his arm around her.

Taking a deep breath, she let it out with all her insecurities and the empty spaces in her life. On her exhaled breath she simply...let go.

## About the Author

I always wonder what readers really want to know when I write one of these things. Getting to this point in my career has been an interesting journey. I've managed rock and roll bands and organized concerts. Been the only female on the sports staff of a university newspaper. Immersed myself in Nashville peddling a country singer. Lived in five different states. Married two very interesting but totally different men.

I think I must have lived in Texas in another life, because the minute I set foot on Texas soil I knew I was home. Living in Texas Hill Country gives me inspiration for more stories than I'll probably ever be able to tell, what with all the sexy cowboys who surround me and the gorgeous scenery that provides a great setting.

Each day is a new adventure for me, as my characters come to life on the pages of my current work in progress. I'm absolutely compulsive about it when I'm writing and thank all the gods and goddesses that I have such a terrific husband who encourages my writing and puts up with my obsession. As a multi-published author, I love to hear from my readers. Their input keeps my mind fresh and always hunting for new ideas.

Desiree welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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